CHINESE MODERN LOST

Emil

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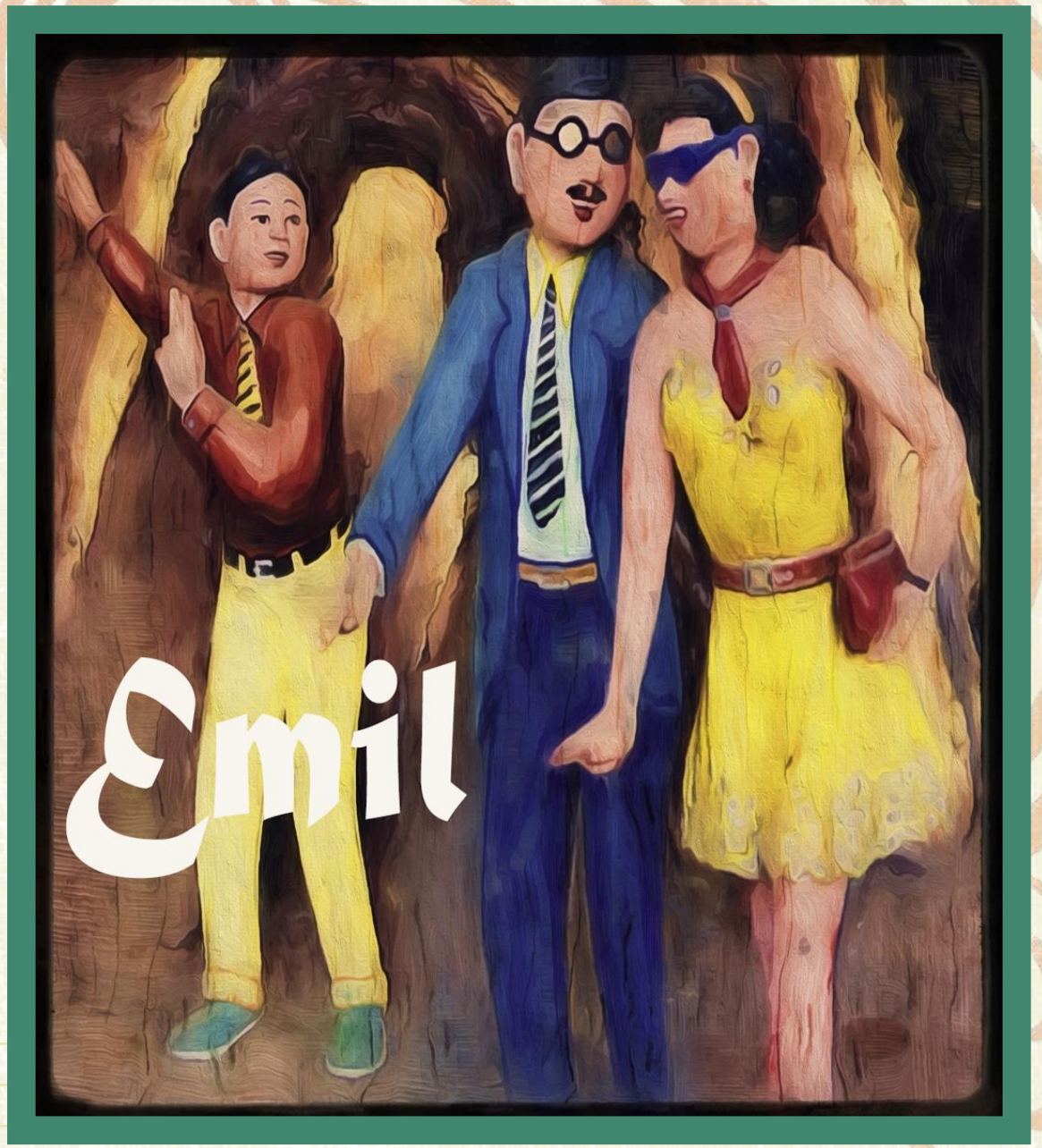
Welcome Back and we are sure glad you decided to return and give Emil another chance to win hearts and minds...Well! Maybe, we are asking too much but we do appreciate your continued support of our efforts to recoup at least a portion of the (now with interest) the massive losses we have due to Emil's paid advances.
This month's installment was rather confusing and created a great level of concern as all we initial got from Emil was the Title with no other clues as to the actual subject material(s)...remember the proposal for an "X" rated Hindu Temple Art Book?
So, any title that has "Lust" in the title is surly going to be something we are not going to be able to publish here in Singapore. We were much relived when the proof showed up in our offices and at least, I was much taken back by this temple wall art (at a location that Emil refuses to share...as he said he plans yet another trip and wants to keep its location secret). So be it!

Seine Lagone



CHINESE MODERN LUST

GREETING FELLOW CAMPERS, ALL YOU SAINTS GONE ROUGE...JOIN THE ADVENTURE AND GET YOUR PIECE OF SOME CHINESE MODERN LUST...FIND EMIL!

Greetings from this unknown, secure location...well, it is known to me and since I want to keep it that way...good luck in figuring it out...

Sucks?

Defeats the purpose of a travel book, does it?

Since the work here is a small fraction of what I have seen...no need to let other travel hack, bloggers come muscle in on my prize...Forget that!

I told Seine to think of it as an Emil version of "Where is Waldo?" Except I'm not in any of the pictures...Sorry!

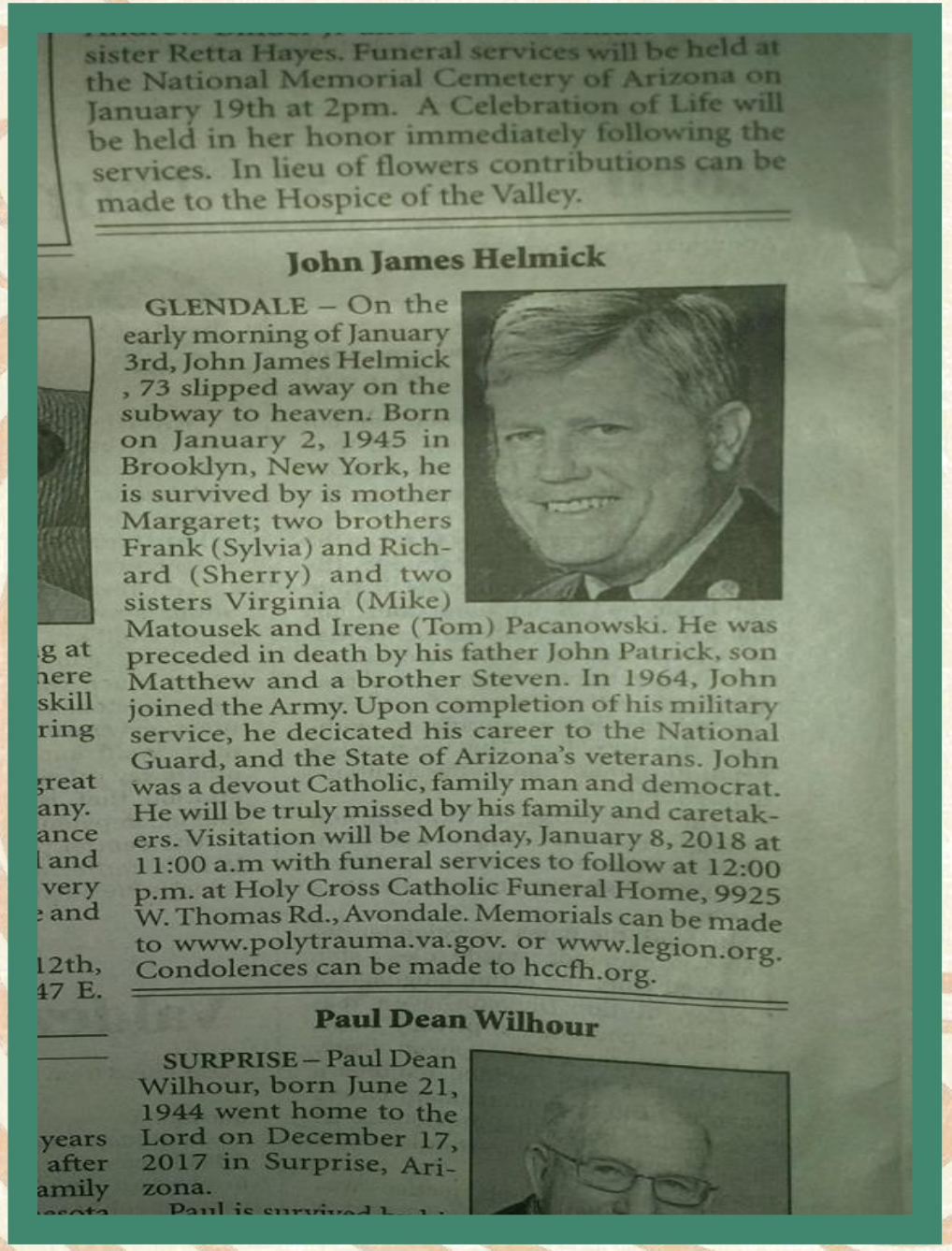
Almost sounds like fun...Uhh? Think?

To all you closeted skip tracers out there...the race starts now! Where in the World is....Emil San Diego?

Dawn comes early in these parts and I knew that it was going to be a long day and since...it seems, I was told up front that they didn't allow photos...the day just became longer with the need to use my cat-like ninja skills (you actually believe this...Really?) to take my photos without raising a fuss about how I didn't see the signs posted everywhere...

"NO PHOTOS! NO WAY...DON'T TRY! DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT! FORGET IT!"

These days, this is becoming a more common and utterly a pain and an open source of frustration for those of us that try to eke out a poor living taking snapshots and this is the number one reason why cell phones are so popular and thus, much more expensive but they are loaded with camera lens that puts what I have on my ancient Nikon F4S to shame!



sister Retta Hayes. Funeral services will be held at the National Memorial Cemetery of Arizona on January 19th at 2pm. A Celebration of Life will be held in her honor immediately following the services. In lieu of flowers contributions can be made to the Hospice of the Valley.

John James Helmick

GLENDALE – On the early morning of January 3rd, John James Helmick , 73 slipped away on the subway to heaven. Born on January 2, 1945 in Brooklyn, New York, he is survived by is mother Margaret; two brothers Frank (Sylvia) and Richard (Sherry) and two sisters Virginia (Mike) Matousek and Irene (Tom) Pacanowski. He was preceded in death by his father John Patrick, son Matthew and a brother Steven. In 1964, John joined the Army. Upon completion of his military service, he decicated his career to the National Guard, and the State of Arizona's veterans. John was a devout Catholic, family man and democrat. He will be truly missed by his family and caretakers. Visitation will be Monday, January 8, 2018 at 11:00 a.m with funeral services to follow at 12:00 p.m. at Holy Cross Catholic Funeral Home, 9925 W. Thomas Rd., Avondale. Memorials can be made to www.polytrauma.va.gov. or www.legion.org. Condolences can be made to hccfh.org.

Paul Dean Wilhour

SURPRISE – Paul Dean Wilhour, born June 21, 1944 went home to the Lord on December 17, 2017 in Surprise, Arizona.

Paul is survived

John was a special person of whom I often, more than a lot of times, I often bragged about knowing and was very proud to consider him my friend.

In all the years of my association with him, I was never without amazement to the true extent of his compassion for others, especially to the Veterans to whom he had dedicated his life, his fortune and his sheer will power to assisting.

He understood and had a love of politics having run for office and yes, he was often mistaken for Ted Kennedy...still, he was never corrupted by power and remained a humble, servant of his community.

John would tell us to celebrate life and to not lose hope in the future of humanity instead of morning his passing.

In all the years, in good times, bad and even when he was robbed of his health, he never lost that shy, smile that we use to joke was glued upon his face.

Still, I will miss this man and the numerous examples, the lessons of living that he left us with.

Emil

Like I could totally understand if they had a gift shop or had their own book to sell...that I understand...I do...I get that but, when they conspire with the universe for no other reason than to be messing with me and trying to make my lot in this pitiful life worse, I stand tall and jump up on the wall and say...

“What gives you the right?”

Then I snap a foto and run like hell.

The trick of a true, well-healed professional would be to grease a lot of pockets from the gatekeepers, down the even the morning lawn care crew and then to start with the universally proven deal maker...fresh pastries or freshly baked, still warm cookies for the attending monks and maybe a nice bottle of wine for the Monastery's Abbot if you are on a National Geographic Photographer all expenses paid account.

Emil

As you can tell, I am far from that and my regular readers will very well understand WWWG does not fund me well enough to do any of this...on my budget, I could, maybe afford to bring the Abbot a (small size...please...I'm not made out of money...do I look rich?) can of Red Bull and then, after the police or military show up to actually rescue me out of the courtyard tree where those angry monks ran me up and then formed a chanting session surrounding the tree while calling upon God (or insert your favorite deity here) to strike me as the step-child of the Great Satan and equally, my wicked, my Satanic Camera (a stealer of souls) down with lightning bolts from upon high...seems really specific...Uhh?

I will only say...

"Been there and done that!"

Thank you very much...

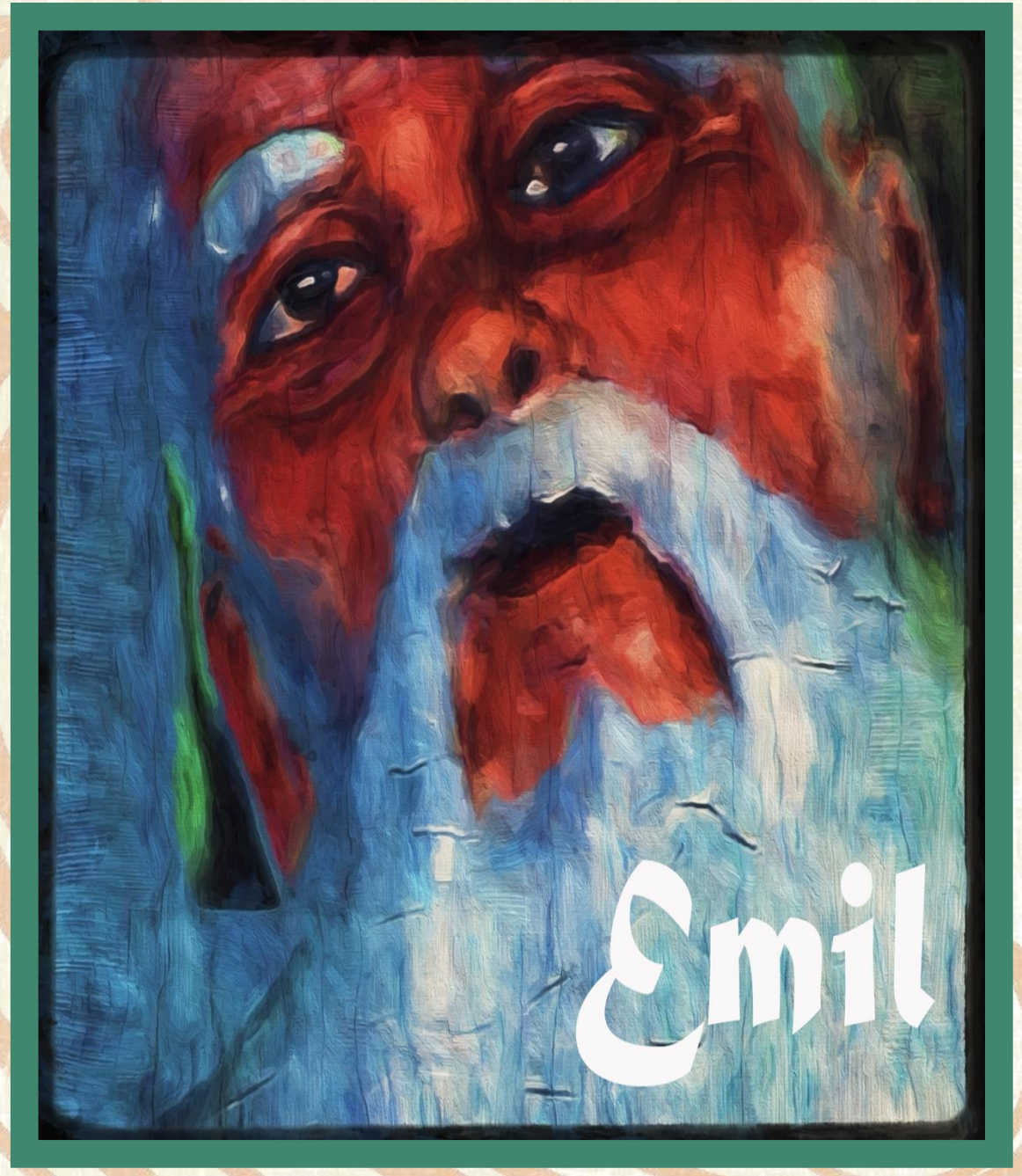
Emil

See...
Traveling the world and trying to create art for a living is not for the weak hearted or those who lack some kind of “Utt-a-hey” (Navaho for “it is a good day to die”) mentality or have some James Dean-like lust, a sad, death wish to die young, pretty and long before what you really did catches up with you...
“Regrettably, no I didn’t have sex with that lady! She wouldn’t stop laughing at me long enough for me to ask...”
When you are poor, not wanting to be beaten by the monks and then repeated later by a group of angry policemen who are extremely grumpy as they had to leave the bar at “Happy Hour” to come all the way over to the temple and forcing them to battle the angry monks in order to save my ragged ass from God’s Rightful Intervention

Emil

and “whop-my-ass” punishment for insulting the faithful’s right to buy the monk made postcards available in the temple’s spacious gift shop or available by special order on their new, updated website.
The world has changed and at this point, from here on the ground...here at ground zero and having been that helpful fool featured above...I am not at all certain that it is for the better!
This is truly the New Age...the New World Order first mentioned in NAZI Propaganda...Hitler use to wax on about this...a lot but, since he was speaking in German...that went right over our heads...when Orwell wrote out the actual game plan of the Elite to control us in his book... “1984” we thought that it was a pretty good Sci-Fi Tale and finally, when every other word out of Former Senator

Emil



(actually a convicted Nazi war profiteer banker scum and founder of the USO...go figure...well, it keep him out of prison) Preston Bush's son, old man, CIA Georgie's (Not to be confused with the young Bubba Bush...that is it another tale of the New World Order's final success) every other word seemed to be "A Thousand Points of Light...The New World Order!"

I remember Bubba Bush in an interview with a big media darling and "friend of the Bushes" reporter where he was recorded on camera as saying...

"If the American People only understood what we have actually done to them...they would chase us down the street and lynch us from the nearest big tree!"

This was years after 911 and the Patriot Act was voted and passed unread by the scared

Emil

bunnies in congress as to challenge it would have been portrayed as Un-Amerikan and with all the whopped up fear porn being slung by the main stream Media...it was dangerous to their political (maybe physical) health to be seen as being soft on terrorism...you remember those dark and ugly days of the endless lies about weapons of mass destruction, right?

So as the borders close in on us and we are not slowly being reduced to characters from the movie “The Matrix,” alone (I sometimes feel that I am) just me, my self-driven focus upon myself and my trusty sidekick, my Satanic, a wicked tool of Satan, my trusty old Nikon F4s.

I am gonna sound like one of those Tinfoil-hatted, conspiracy theory fools when I tell you that this may be part of the reason that

Emil

we have only digital instead of film camera today...stay with me here...it will make some sense if you don't shut me down yet (Like yet another more famous Child of Satan...President Putin of Russia was fond of saying "let me finish my thought...if you really want to understand what I am saying")...give my another fifteen seconds...Please?

See, digital camera are mini-computers and computers can be wiped and all of your data is lost...easy to do...many times, it is untraceable...film camera negatives are a different beast all together!

To destroy film negatives...and the thought police would need a warrant to enter your home (although very easy to get these days) and rummage about in Aunt Martha's back closet or needing to go down it some dank

Emil

and moldy basements (an occupation health risk) to find the negatives to burn.
Not easy at all and so you can see why we now have digital camera and if you can find film for my Nikon F4s then, it is so expensive that only the rich can afford it – and you know that the rich are gonna want to hold on to what they have and are not going to take anti-government...New World Order fotos...
OH No!
They won't venture beyond Little Jimmie's 3rd birthday party...they surely won't and even if they do, there are so few processing labs left, any picture that might be questionable can be taken care of at this level with not much fuss and no mess other than...
"Sorry! Mister Chucky, you film was accidently exposed and mostly ruined but,

Emil

we saved Little Jimmie's Party Fotos and here is a free roll of film to say we are sorry!"

Don't say anything, let it sit for a while and let it sink in and come back next month and tell me that it doesn't make a lot of sense...unless you work for the "Deep State." (The new popular name...the rebranding of the New World Order to remove it's now commonly known ties to Hitler and the NAZIs)

Do you?

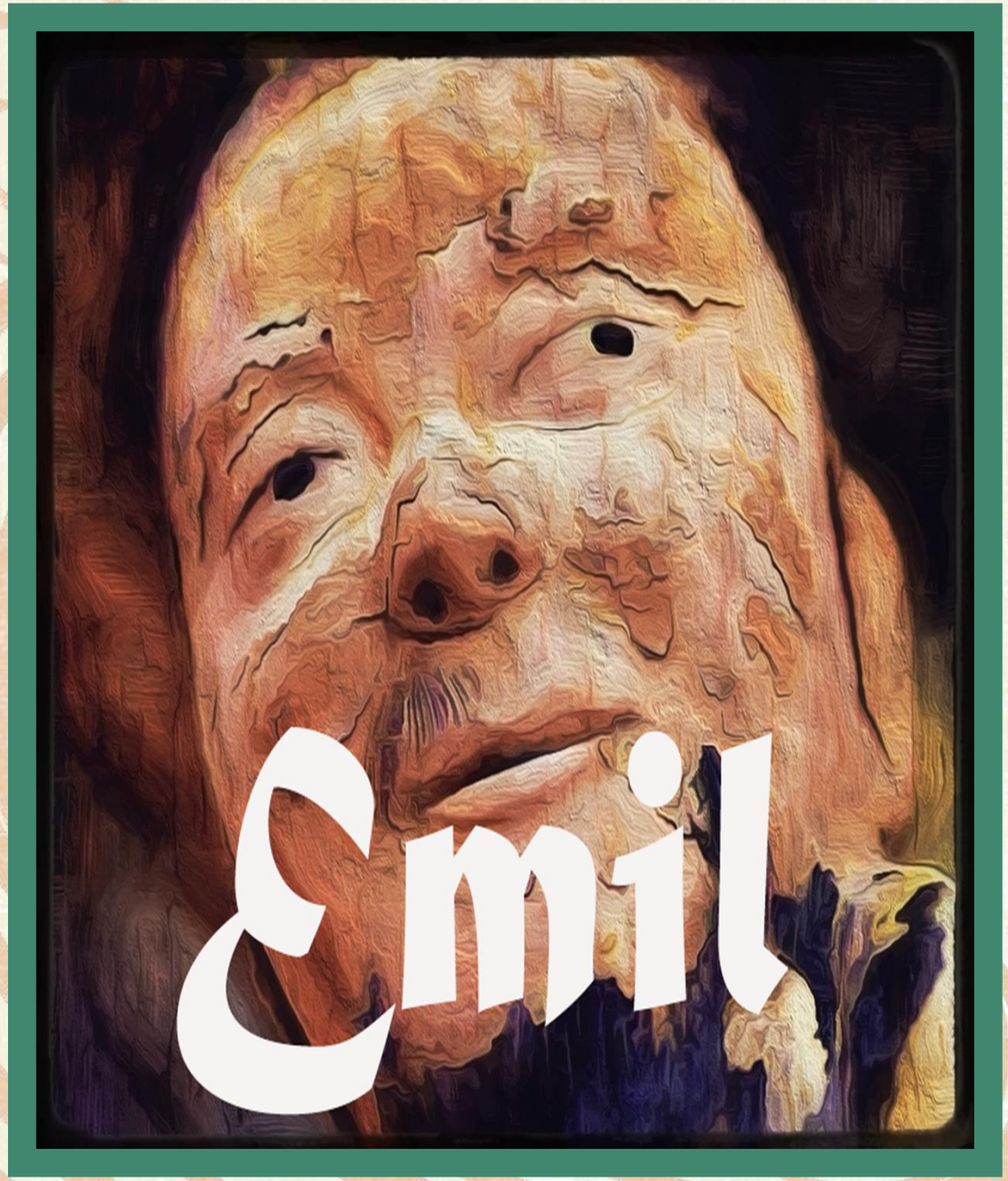
Do you work for or are you the Deep State?

Anyway...appreciate you buying my book and if you need further copies as part of your investigation(s) please contact Seine or dear Mister Chucky...they will be beyond happy to sell you as many copies as you might need...and remember, they make the perfect gift to scare the public and prove

Emil

that all of us, those idiot tinfoilers and our invisible dogs are out of our minds...
Not dangerous, mind ya!
Just crazy...
I forgot where I was at...
OH YEA!
You must learn from the Golden Age of 1970's Journalism...I learned from the best of that generation, Old Man Hunter, the real gonzo, himself!
He taught me that the trick is to understand that if they believe you to be from some major publication...they are less likely to beat you, stomp you and smash your expensive camera...they were, back in the day, my Nikon F4s cost me almost a year's salary...but, it was worth it...if nothing else it made me look professional or rich or both and seeing that in those days, I was still looking at and occasionally chasing a girl or two...

Emil



that was a big plus for an average looking guy with a second-rate college degree in Secondary Education...in retrospect, not a good degree for attaching future mates...teachers are poor and who wants a young, average looking, deadbeat liberal teacher...would you?

Thinking about it now, it makes perfect sense as to why I spent most Saturday Nights watching “Washington Week in Review” on PBS.

Hunter had this theory...well, it was an established method as he often used it to open doors, get dates and interviews with important people.

The first step is to ask about in the extended hippy community and expend enough bread (1970’s speak for money) to buy a very well made (Yes! Kind of...Fake!) Press Pass and

Emil

interchangeable photo id...
He always insisted on spending the extra bucks as nothing is worse than to have your fake ID called out as being fake or looking wrong...remember, this is not a cost but, an investing in your potential career expansion.
The key he said was “I never say that I am from Playboy Magazine...I never lie...if I don’t say it then, I wasn’t lying...but, I do place my camera bag in plain sight with it’s several even bigger stickers of the Playboy Logo, put it in-between me and the person that I am talking to with the Press Pass dangling in their eye sight so that they can’t help but see it attached to my camera bag...”
It is true that with this simple prop, you do greatly reduce the chances that they beat or arrest you.

Emil

Having seen it in action, I was deeply impressed by how well it worked in getting people to open up with you.

Never had the nerve to use the Playboy version as it was too scary to deal with as I have not had the opportunity to see many naked ladies and like in Allen Flunt's (of Candid Camera fame) 1970's movie "What do you save to a naked lady?"

I may not have the proper words or cool behavior to pull off that I was a photographer from Playboy...National Geographic seemed a better fit.

As Hunter would tell you, it was in no way his fault that they assumed that was really with Playboy...

He always wrote that assumptions are dangerous and are almost always, initially wrong, why not take this to your advantage.

Emil

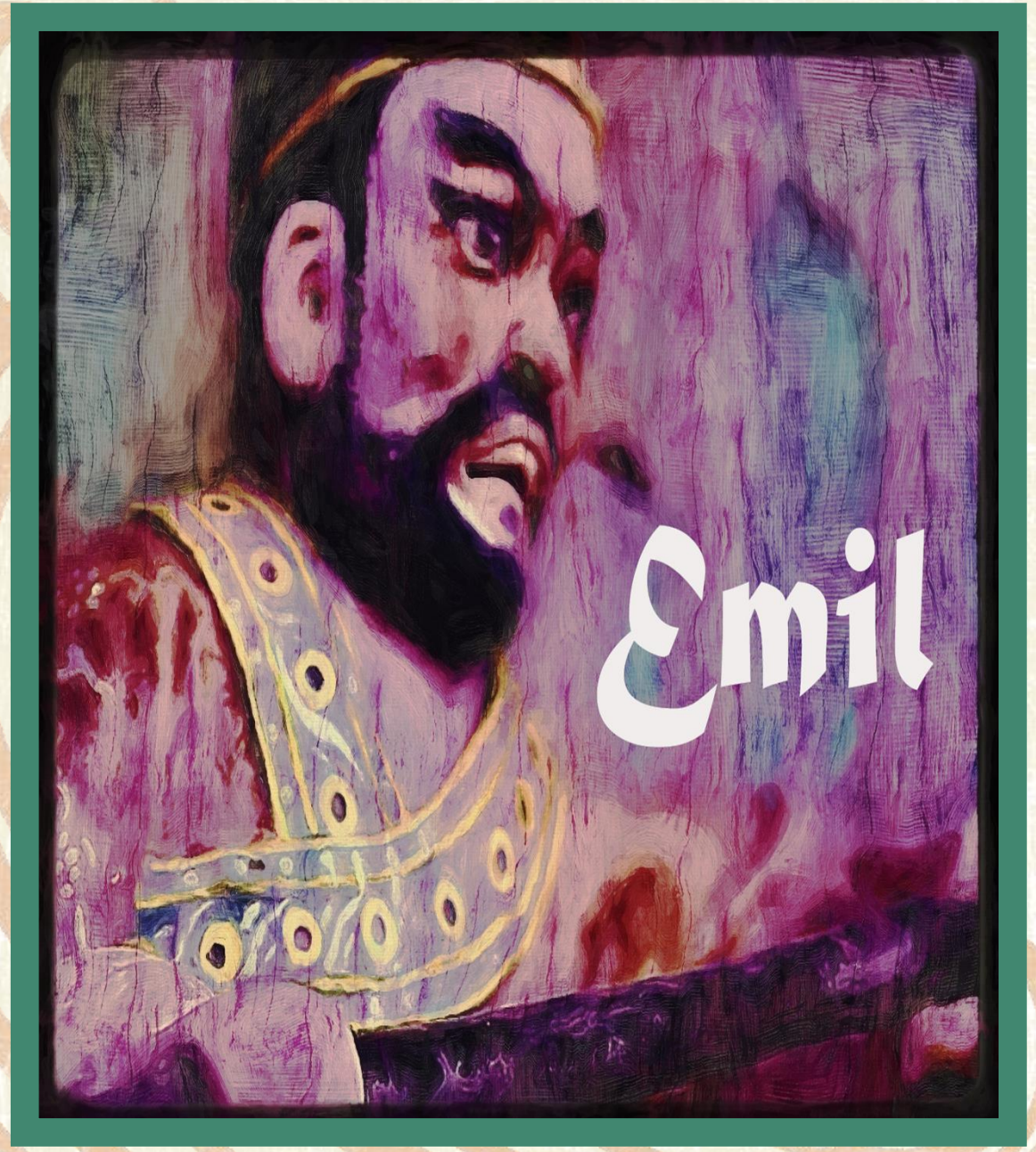
It’s true...take a look at me and my Nikon F4s and you might assume that maybe, I was a pro photographer or some rich amateur with more money than sense...either way, I am in the door and from their it was as Hunter always said,

“...Easy to get people to talk and for you to get a good story...”

See, nowhere in my entire conversation did I actual say that I was but, that press badge was damn good and I doubt that even National Geographic’s security force would need several looks at it to tell it was slightly off.

This normally works because everyone has a subscription to the magazine, most never actually read the majority of the articles as they are boring tales told through the eyes of “American Exceptionalism” (it used to be

Emil



referred to as the “those Ugly Americans” by most places that hosted American Tourists in the 1950-70’s)...I guess similar to Playboy...everyone, truthfully, came to look at the pictures and as a young teenage kid, we would go down to the library in downtown Ocala (when it was next to the Marion Theater) and spend a lot of hours reading (**NOT**) National Geographic but, what the librarian never figured out was that we were really enthralled by the numerous pictures, we scholastically googling and inspecting each issue that contained stories of the native cultures in South America, Asia or Africa...you know, we were very quick to discover that those native women never wore shirts...

Can you see, why a thirteen year old would spend all day Saturday studying about the

Emil

world with National Geographic...maybe, this really furthers to explains my rather odd sounding career selection to become a World Geographic Teacher later after college or as to why I subconsciously decided and scrapped everything to go join the Peace Corps and went with them to Asia?
Anyway! This technique worked very well with local authorities (like temple Abbots) as who would want to pick up next month's issue of National Geographic and read about, in detail, to see them bad-mouthing your monastery as being unfriendly?
Well?
Would you want that on your shoulders? Having people that you have to answer to (even as an Abbot) and that they are all calling you about the terrible article in the National Geographic...would you really, on purpose, put yourself into the middle of that

Emil

maelstrom (not the actual word that I originally used but, Seine changed it because it seems that you can't use the word "shit-storm" in print there in Singapore).
Of course, Hunter's Press Pass was from Playboy Magazine and from his version of events, he milked that puppy to death...it served him well and his message was some of the most practical advice that he could give a young dude trying to get a foot in the industry...other than to tell me...
"Don't! You ain't got what it takes...!"
After several decades of my own use mixed freely with a profound concept that the Jesuits taught me during my summer of community service...that brilliant concept that had driven their order for almost five hundred years...that "it is much easier to beg forgiveness than to receive permission..."

Emil

and the two combined rarely failed and up to only recently, this has always made the difference...it got me in places that even those pros could buy their way into and has allowed me to scrap together a modest living...as a starving artist...

The lawyers at WWWG were terrified when I explained the secrets of my techniques and they all grouped together in a sudden huddle and started mumbling something about this being illegal and even though I took the time to explain that I never said I was with the magazine...the head lawyer...the old guy, shock his head in a jester that went far beyond the “NO” that it traditionally meant, looked me dead in the eye and said without blinking, he said “FELONY!”

Welcome to the brave new, matrix themed world!

Emil

Seems that they have made anything that works for us normal, working-class stiffs, they have deemed it to be illegal and punishable by heavy fine or imprisonment. So anyway, the first order of action once I got here (a secure, unknown location) after getting settled into my rather expensive, flea trap of some youth hostel (which is uncomfortable to be a sixty plus year old dude staying in a place favored by teenagers), I went to the local market, asked about and brought my fresh pastries for the brother monks and then went over and my press pass ploy granted me a rather nice but lengthy set-down with the local Abbot, it was a nice conversation as I explained that I was on a personal mission (now...that is true...if I could get someone to actually and properly fund it...Hint...hint!) to record the history of the many quickly disappearing,

Emil

those rural monasteries before they were all gone...greedily grabbed up by all of those rich, all of those evil, those sinful land developers and their army of minions in the affordable housing building industry...
Seems that this was an actual issue here in the local community where people were being tricked or driven off their land for the sake of urban progress and the need to build affordable housing for all these displayed, former land owners and luckily, I seemed to be on the right side of the argument for the Abbot and his fellow brothers.
After a while and a short conference between the Abbot and assembled brothers, seems that the pastries won the day...
“Go take your photos...will you send us copies?”
“I sure will! With much appreciation!”
So Campers!

Emil

At least here in the black backwaters of the world...Old Man Hunter's technique still rules the day and this book is a direct result.
I hear you say that it isn't fair that I make money off all of this (Really?).
It isn't fair!
You seem to have forgotten that I did pay for the pastries out of my own pocket!
Did you?
But, as Paul Harvey use to say...
"Now, for the rest of the story..."
Campers listen up and hear me tell you the rest of the story that you didn't know.
I put all the taken fotos into a nice, screen show video, combine them with the copies actual (low resolution copies...sorry but, I need to hold back a bit) fotos into a rather nice interactive CD and give it to them to have or to make copies to sell.
What ya say now?

Emil

And you all thought that I was just, yet another one of those fly-by-night, cheap-ass, “American Exceptionist” a real and total gringo leech? Didn’t ya?

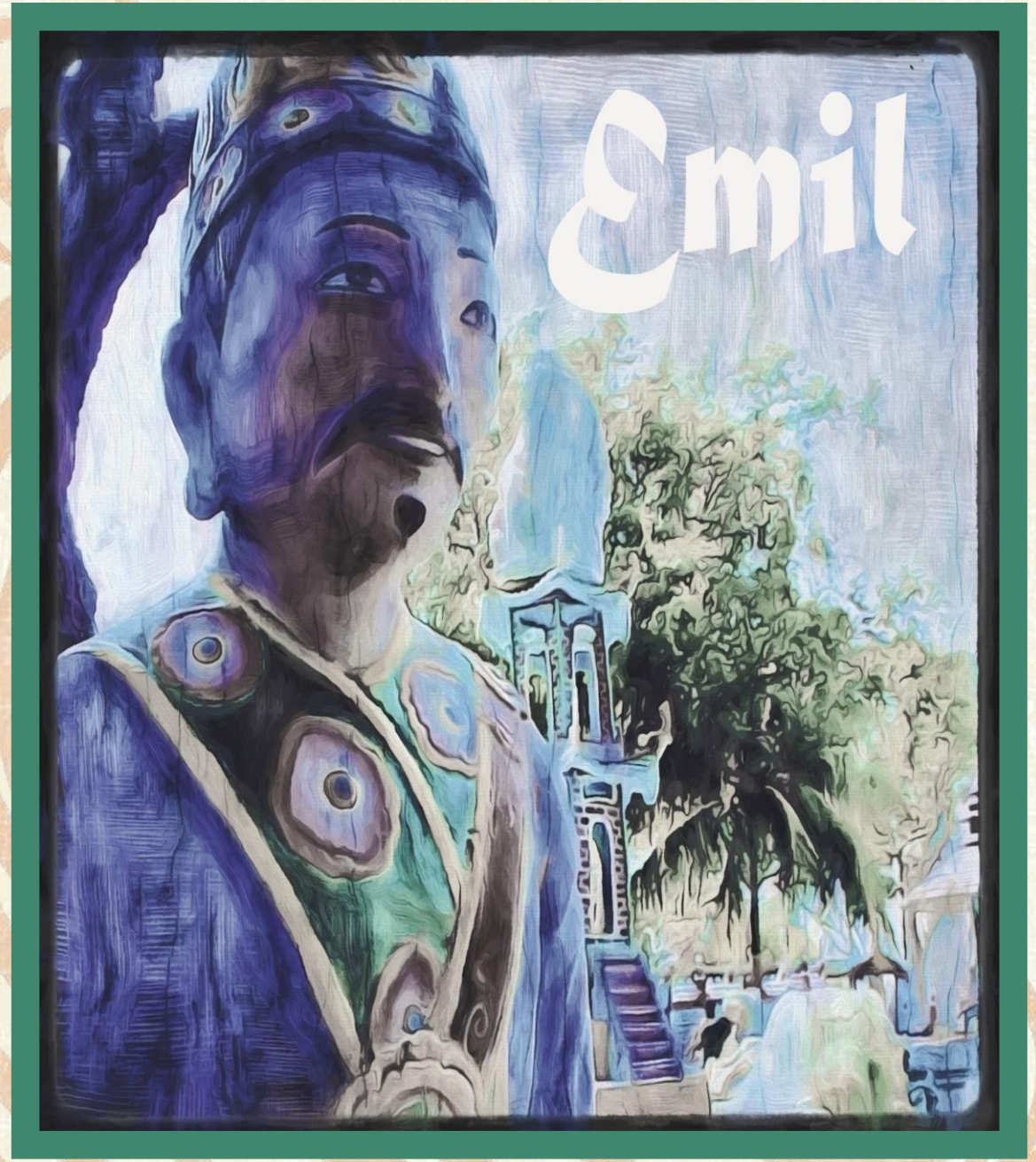
What you say now?

Thanks but, it’s too late! You have already rudely called me a bunch of fowl names and made, I know, I saw several of you making rude, not random hand jesters towards the screen...

I am gonna take the high road here and head of to bed before I say something to offend you and make you reconsider buying my books in the future...

Not that I have grown...not that I am thick skinned or confident or have moral authority on my side...although, I still have my military belt buckle that still proclaims that God marches with us. It is rather quite simple...

I need the money!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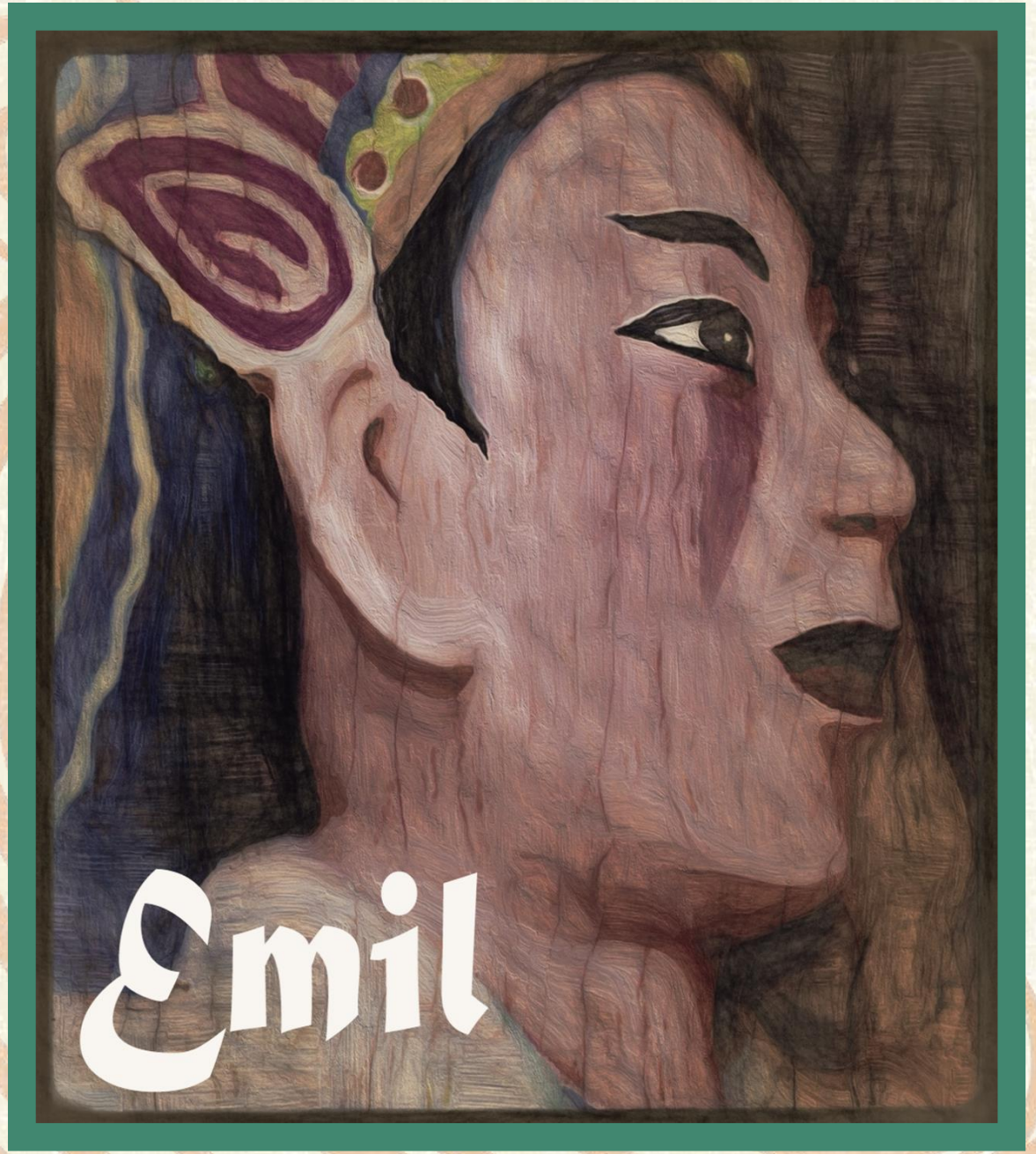
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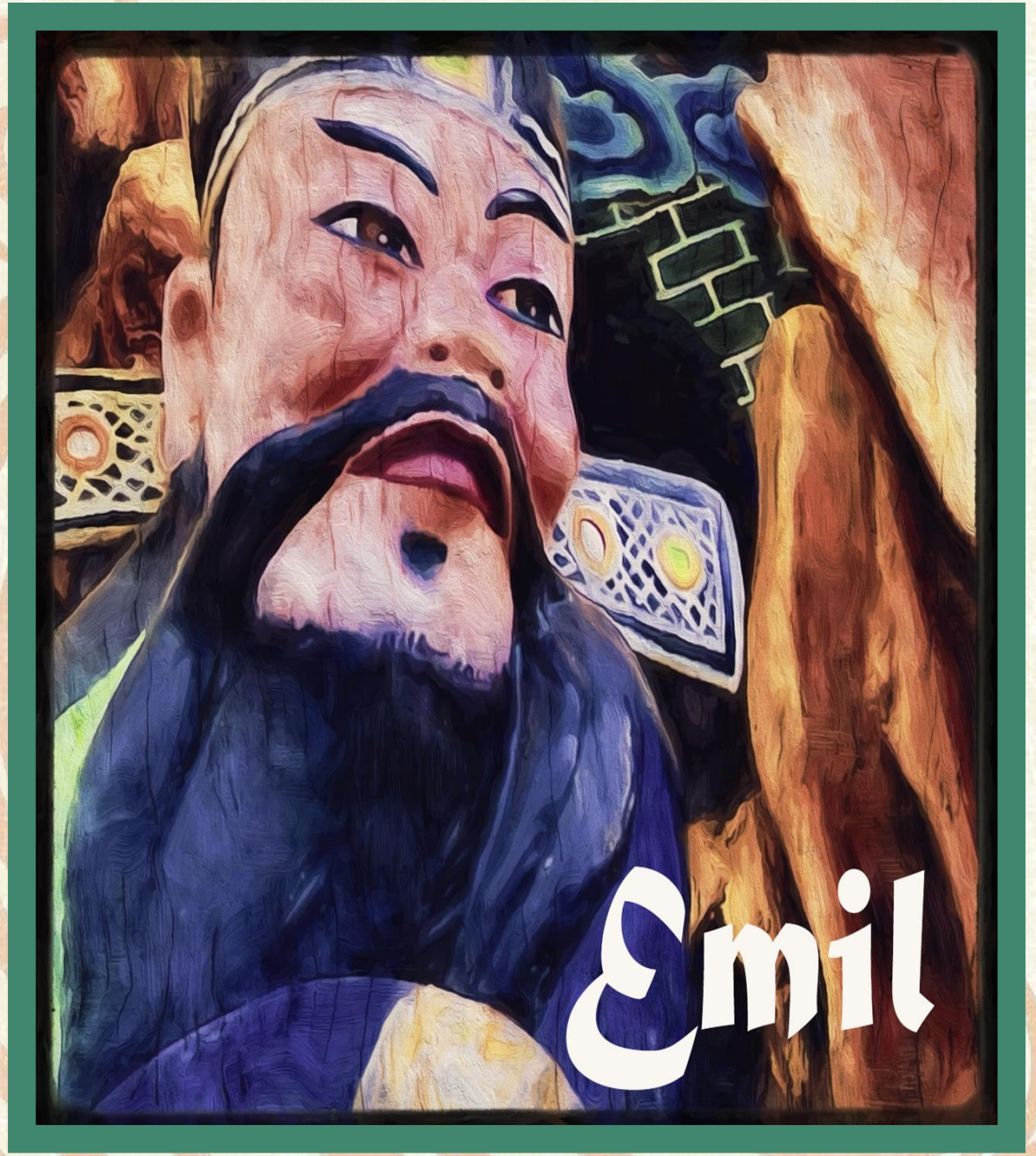
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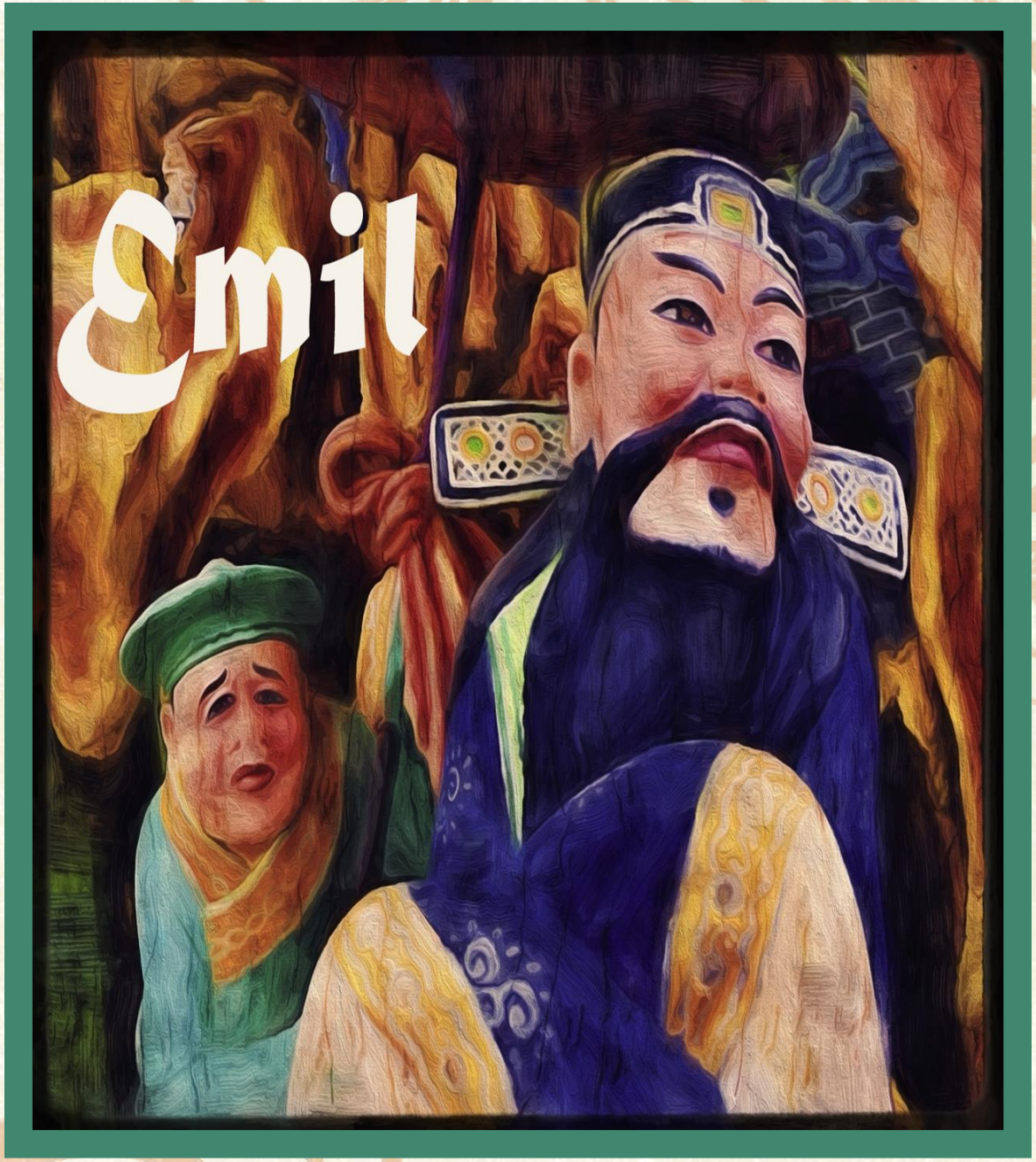
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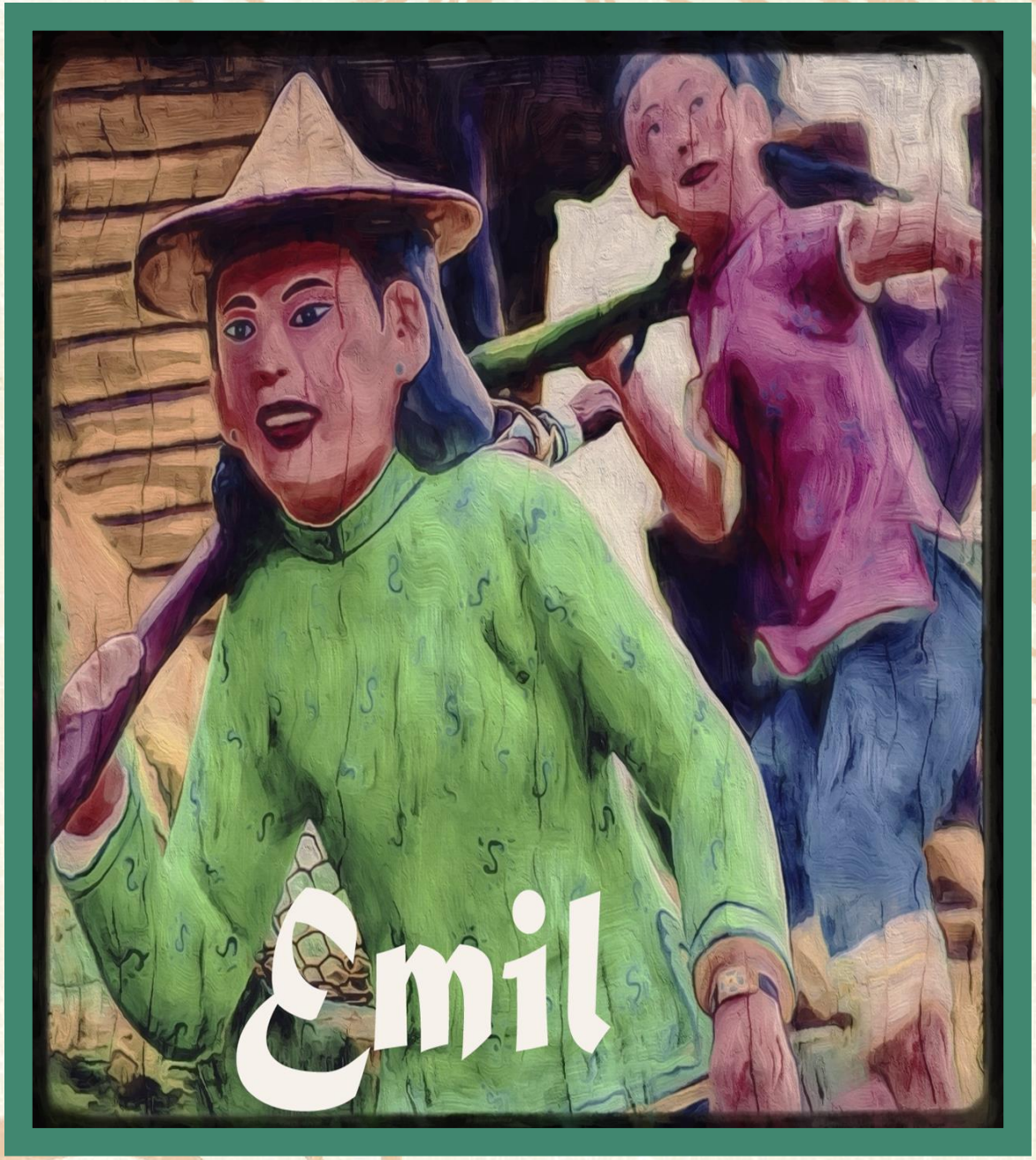
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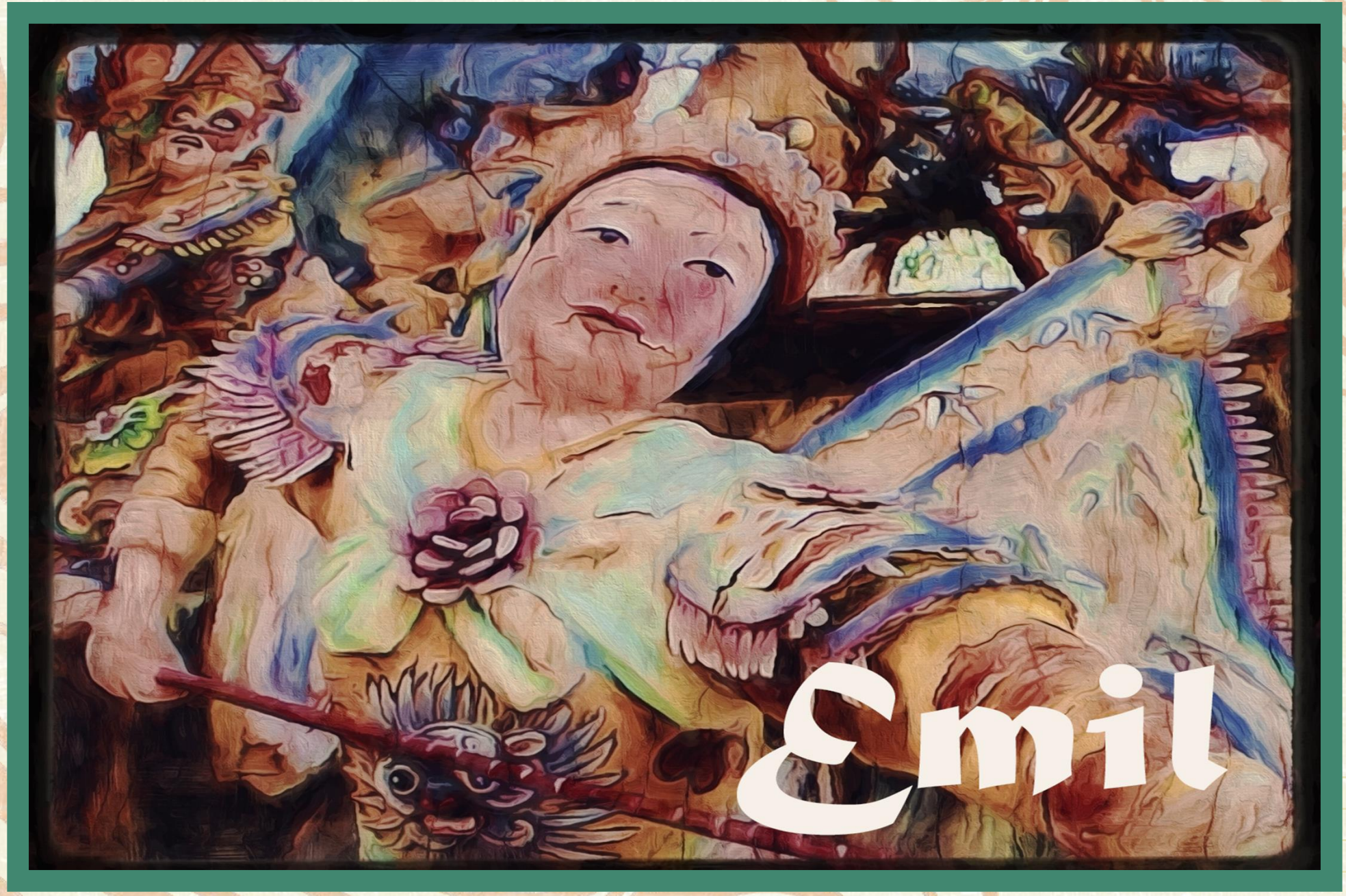
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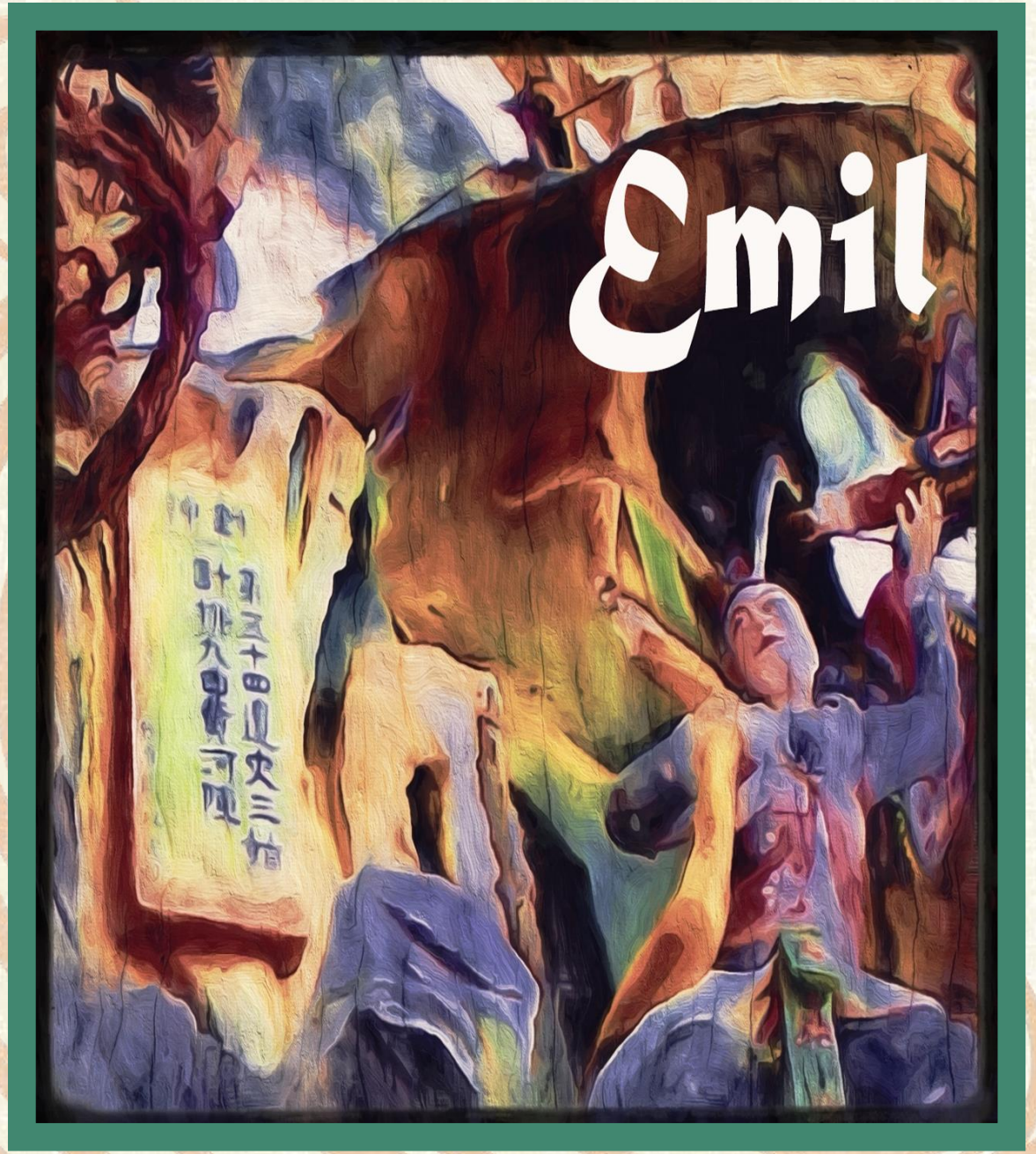
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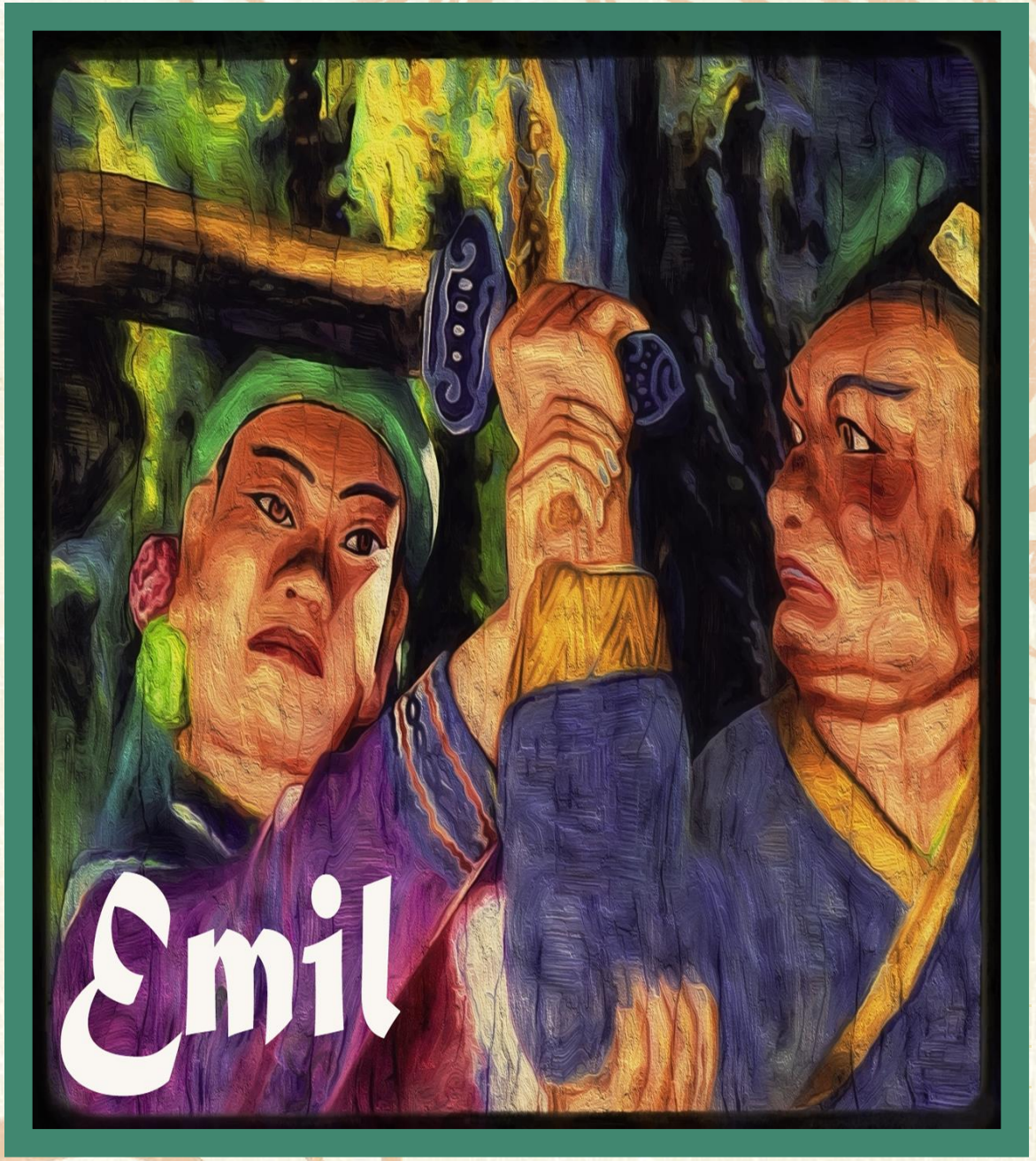
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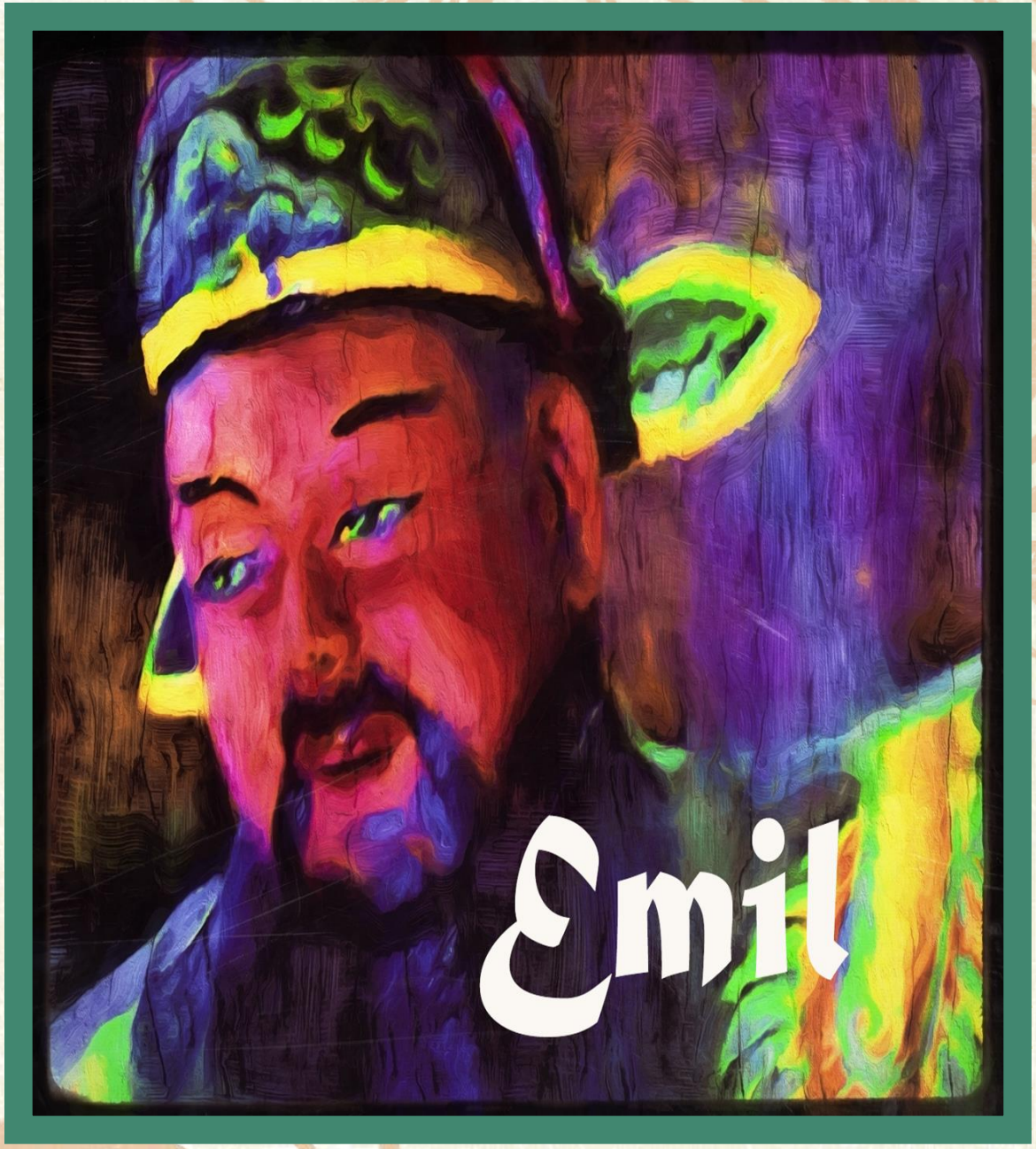
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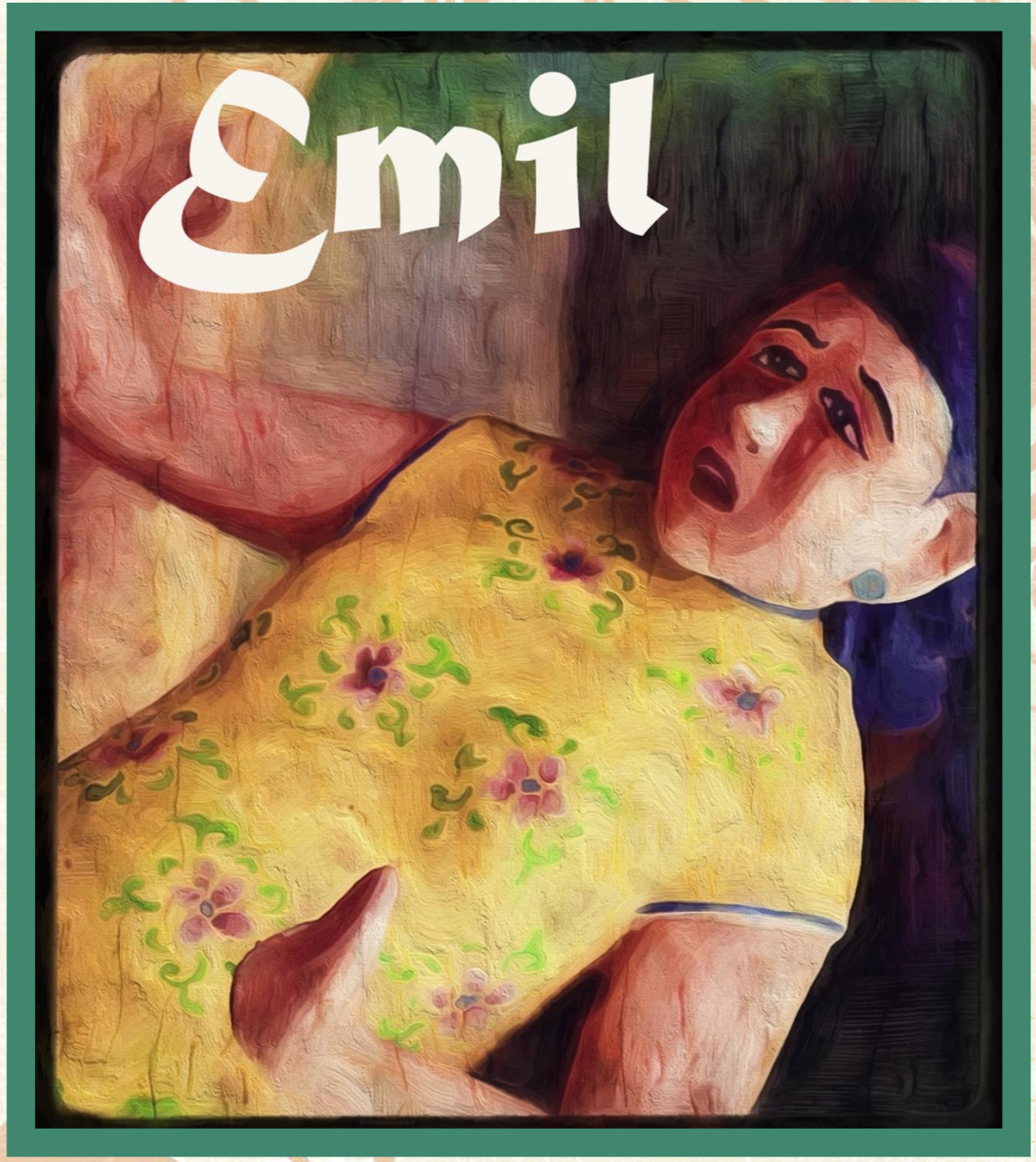
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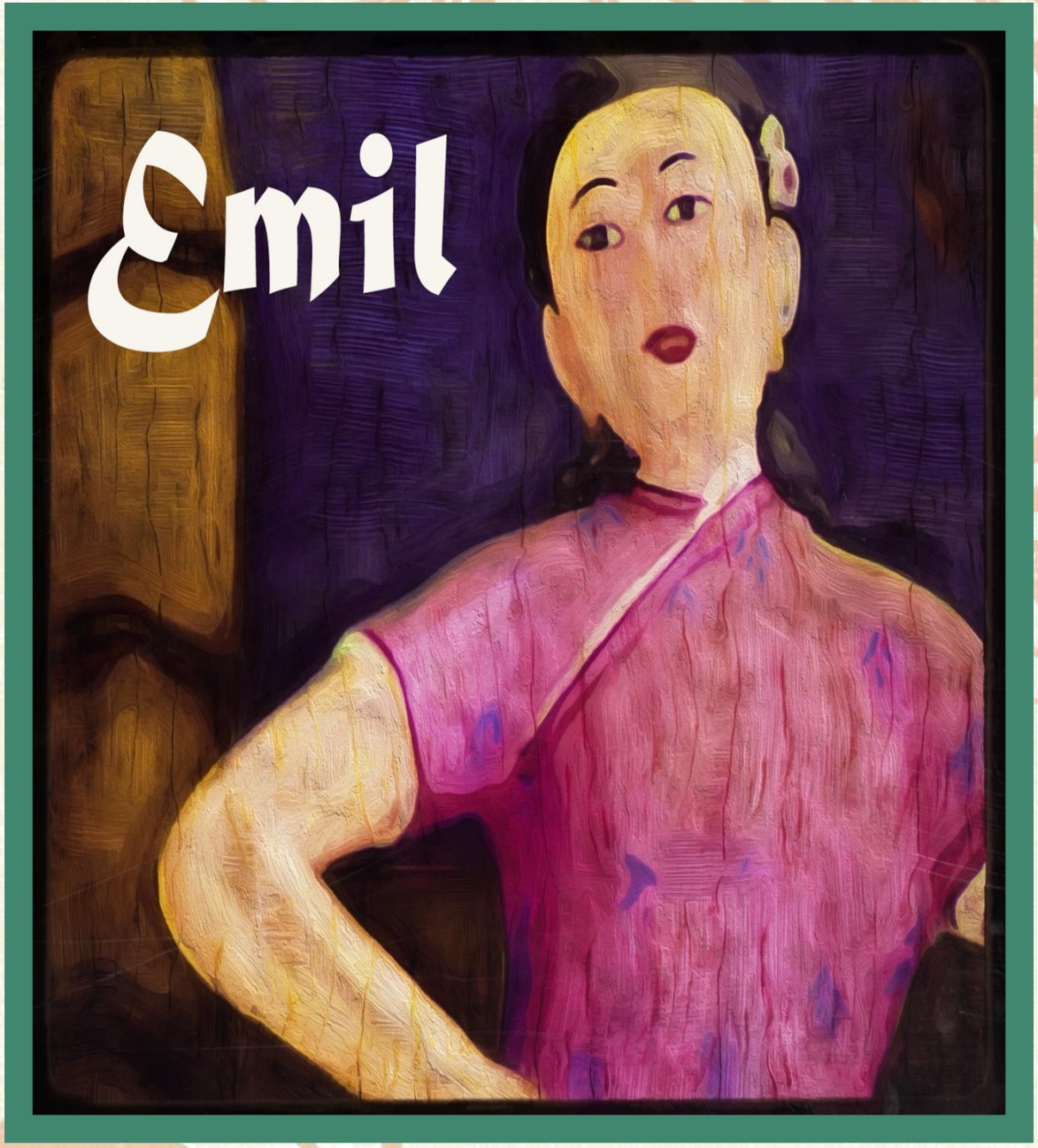
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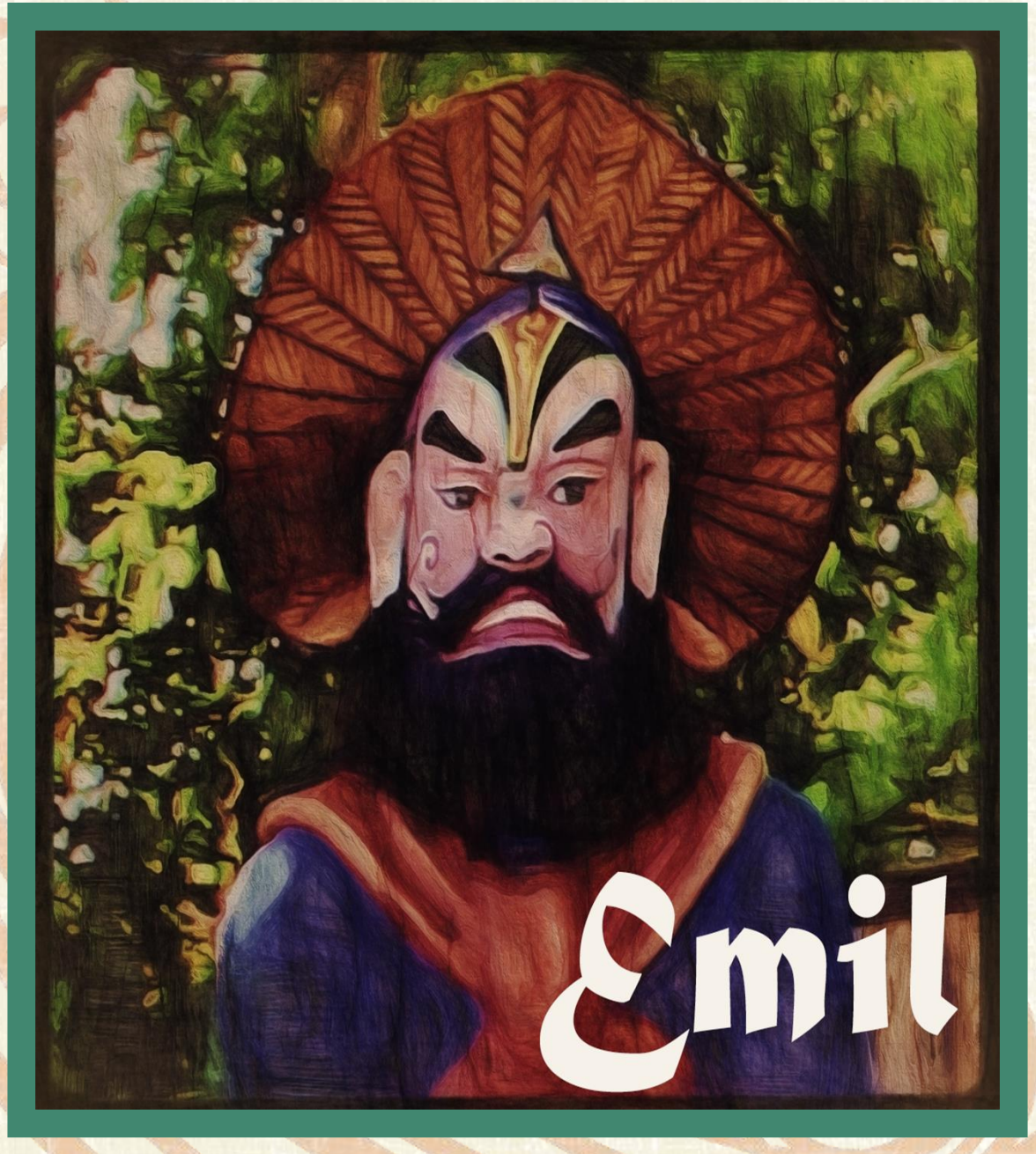
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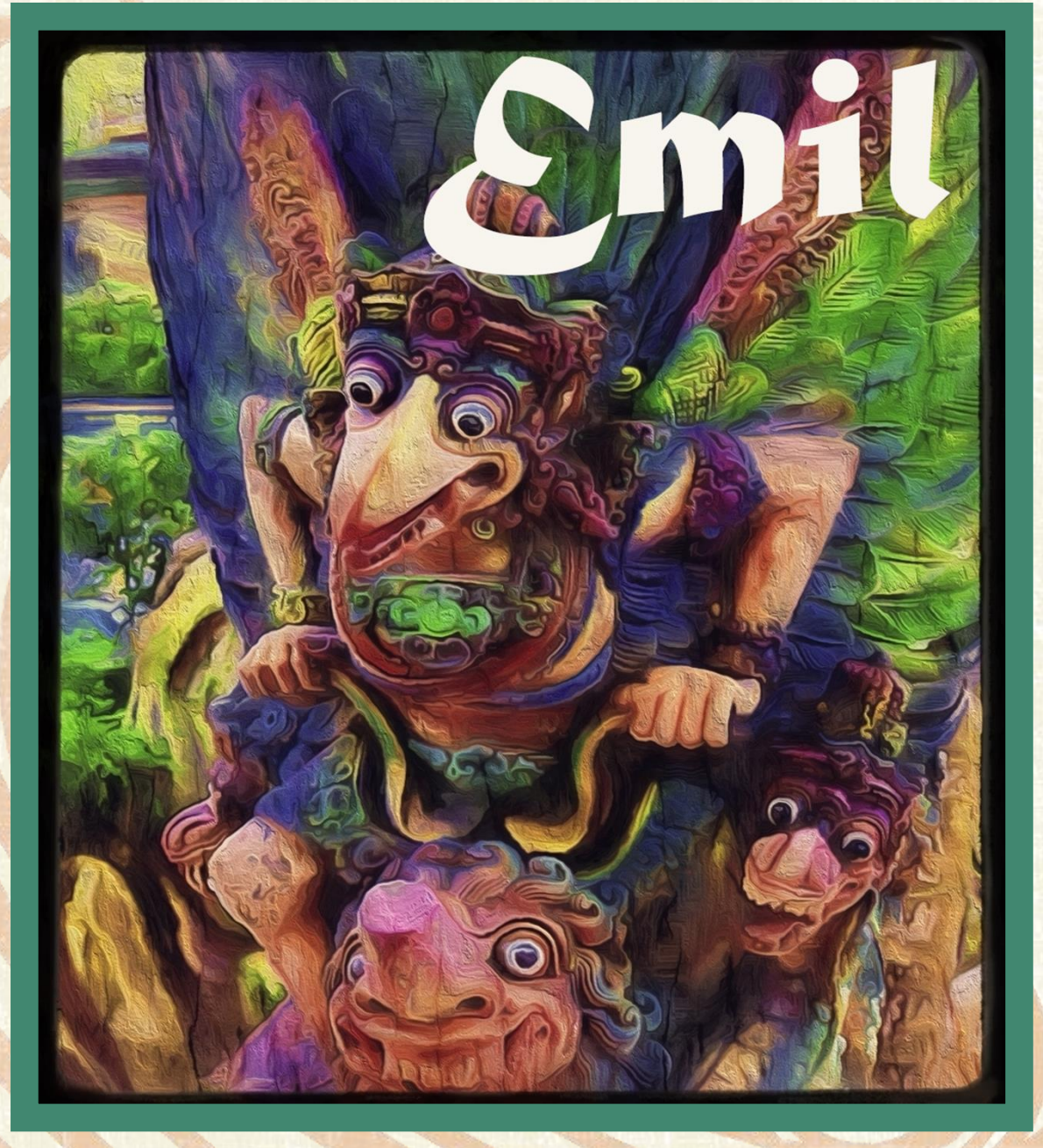
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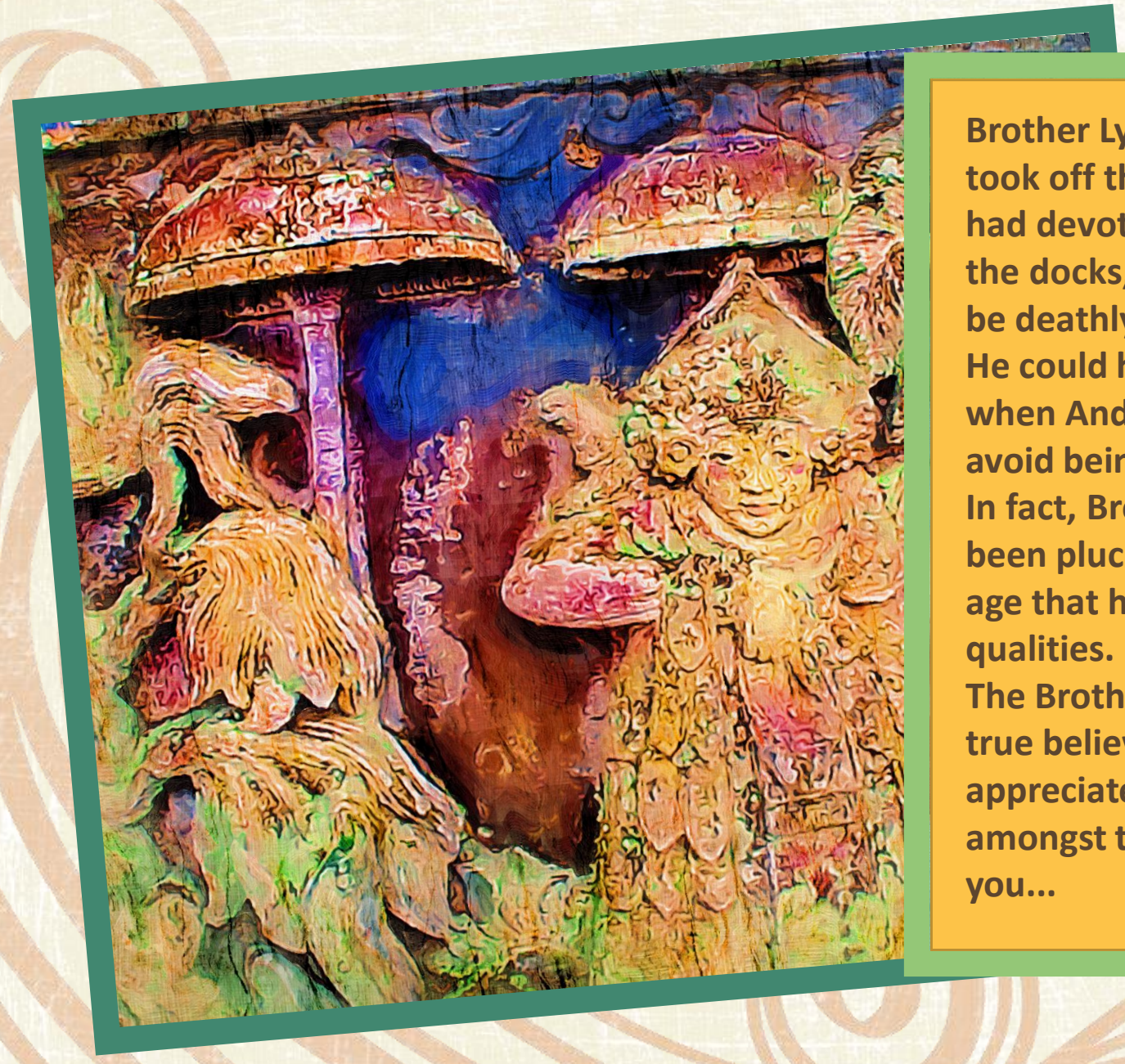


Brother Lye-Lin was a monster of a man that if he took off the yellow robes of the monkhood that he had devoted his life to and plunked him down on the docks, I would (and I dare bet you would too) be deathly afraid to cross him...he had the look. He could have put Andre ‘de Giant to route and when Andre would have been in open flight to avoid being smited by Brother Lye-Lin...

In fact, Brother Lye-Lin was a gentle giant that had been plucked up off those docks at such an early age that he never had the time to develop those qualities.

The Brother has a mild and soft spoken man, a true believer of the middle path and I can appreciate that as I learned from my time of living amongst the Jesuits, they had a way of turning you...

if they caught you early enough...in my case, it was too little too late and the true meanings of what they tried to teach me were lost, clouded and distorted by my many years of being raised by wolves.

In Brother Lye-Lin's case, they were there early before life had so polluted his soul that there could be no absolute redemption, only forgiveness.

Brother Lye-Lin had a gift and an inner vision that shown and beamed out at even the most casual glance, out from the alertness of his eyes you could not mistake it and it drew you to seek a closer examination of the man.

He never wore a frown, always smiled and never offered up anything that could be mistaken as frustration even in the most challenging situation in his adventures amongst the common folks.

I was talking with him the other day and was deeply impressed by his words of council and in them there was a

a simple but truthful seen of common sense reasoning. He had the touch and I do find myself harboring a troubling sense of jealousy over his God given openness and in the way(s) that he so freely gave of himself without hesitation or reserve.

As a mere mortal man, I am beginning to feel a sense of...

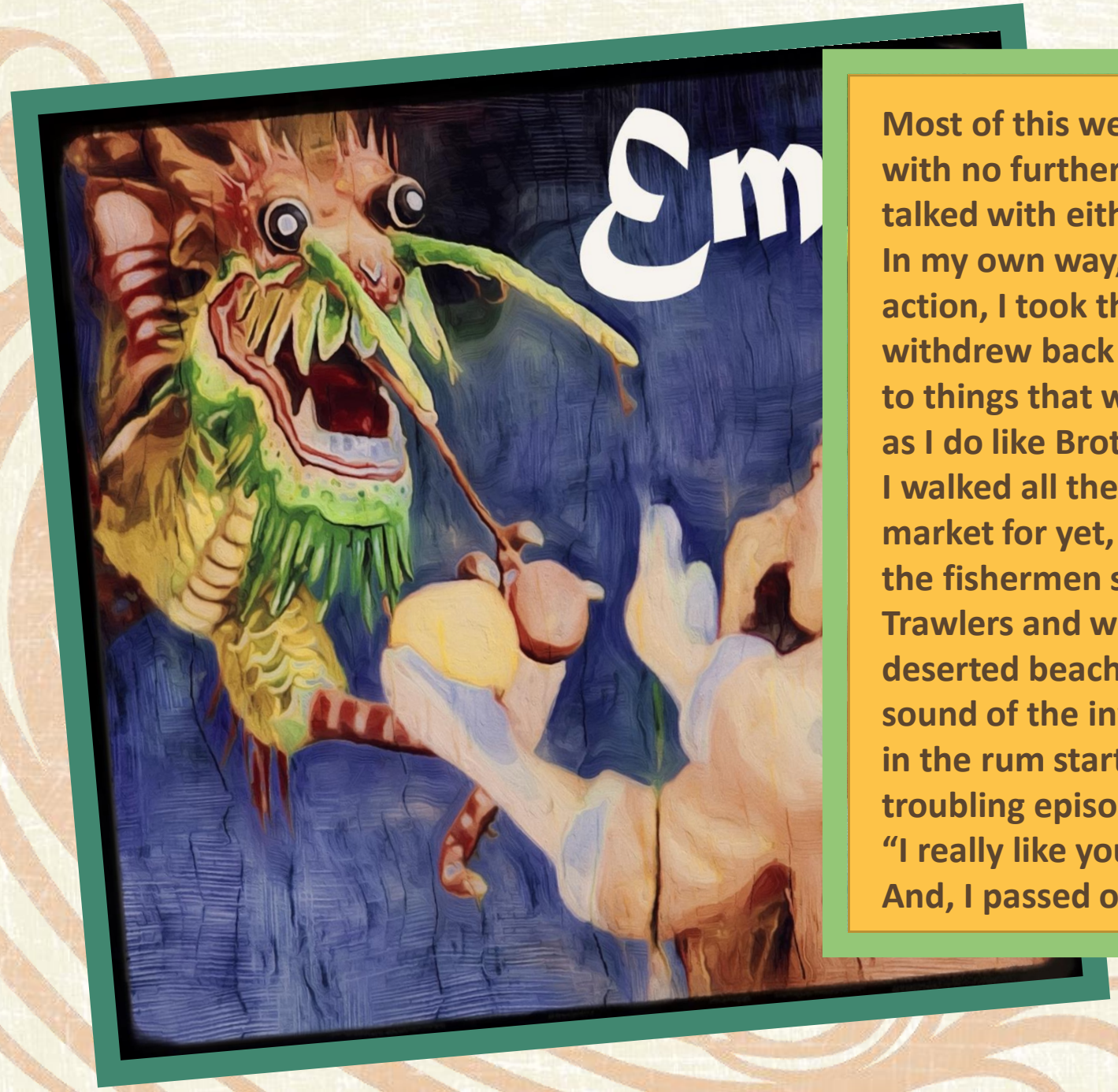
I am not sure...

How can I explain as it is personal and deep within me?

Jealousy is not the proper word...

It is almost a sense of dreed...

Our great Guru John says that it happened due to the evilness that hides deep in my soul and he further went on to compliment that by adding that this evilness, within me, is a kin to that of the cockroach and that as the purity of Brother Lye-Lin shins down and illuminates my evilness, it seeks to scamper back into the dark, hidden recesses of the Swiss cheese that he says that I so try to pretend (to all) and even in his jokingly manner, he refers to as my soul.



Most of this went way over my head and left me with no further of an answer than I had before I talked with either man.
In my own way, in a strikingly bold and decisive action, I took the matter to a higher level and withdrew back into my most often used response to things that weighed or that trouble me deeply as I do like Brother Lye-Lin and so...
I walked all the way down to the village's day market for yet, another bottle of Cuban Rum that the fishermen smuggle in from the passing Russian Trawlers and went to sit out on the nearly deserted beach where finally, a combination of the sound of the inward bound waves and the alcohol in the rum started to kick in and I let this whole troubling episode drop away and then...I said
"I really like you, Brother Lye-Lin!"
And, I passed out...

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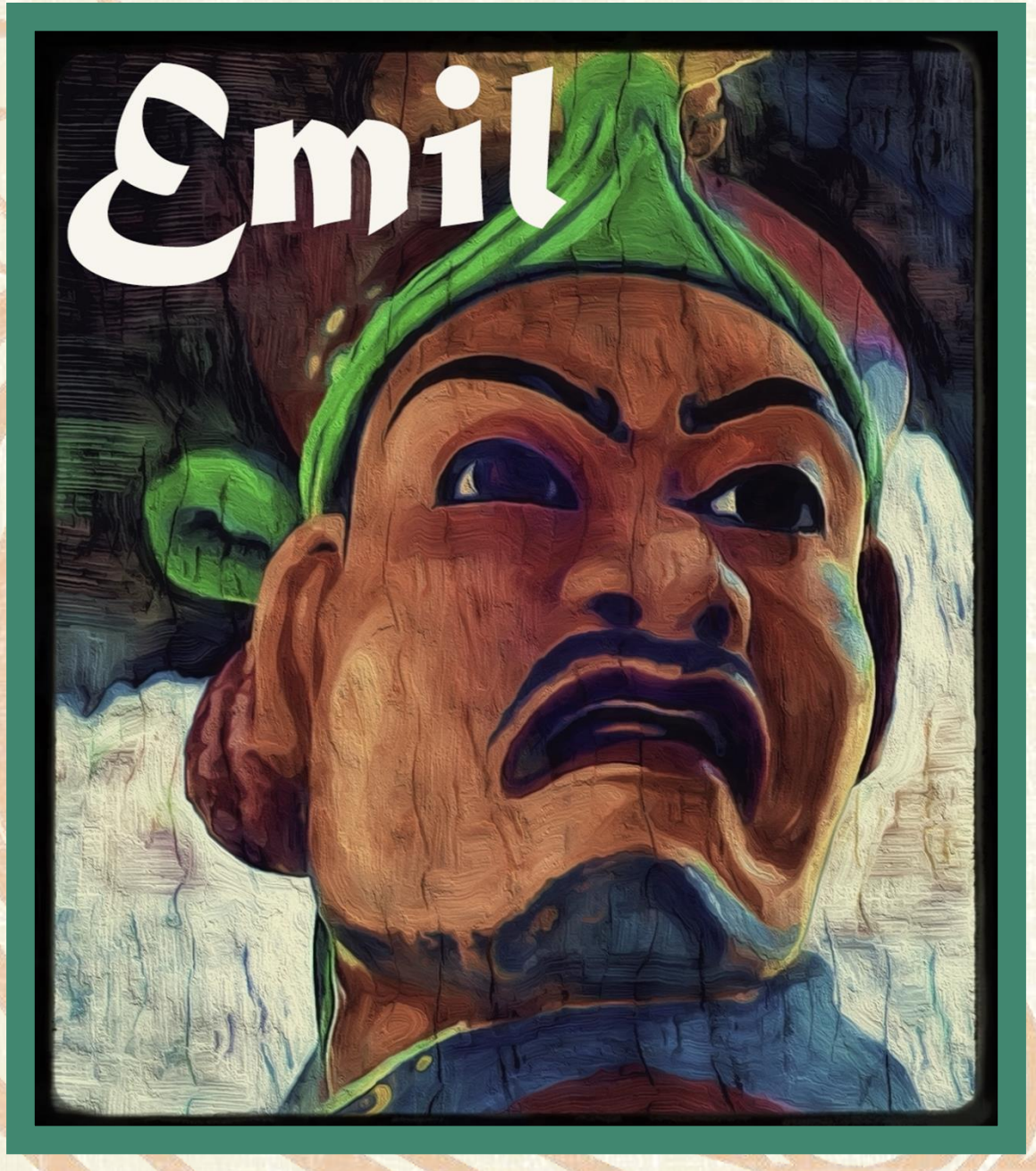
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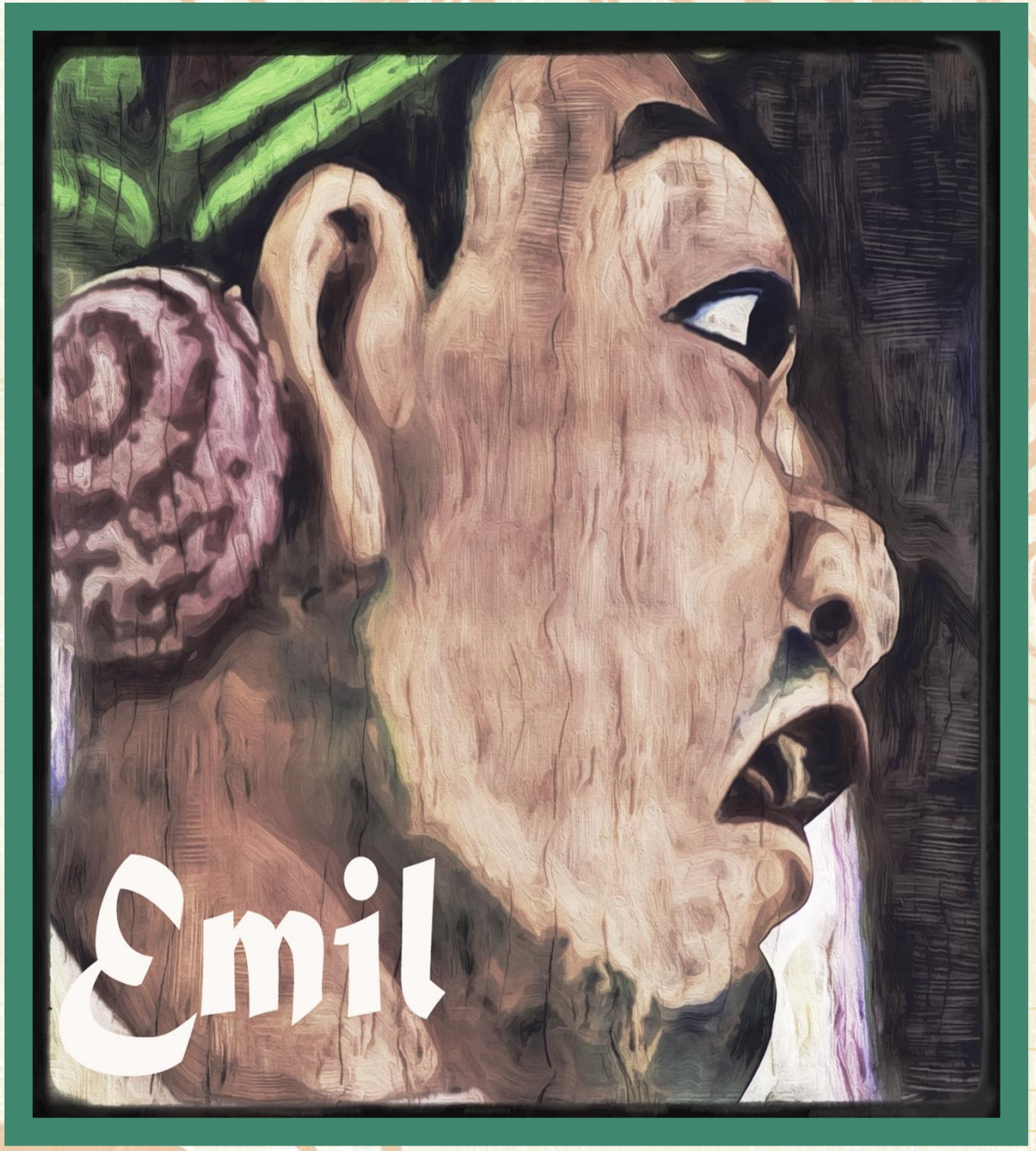
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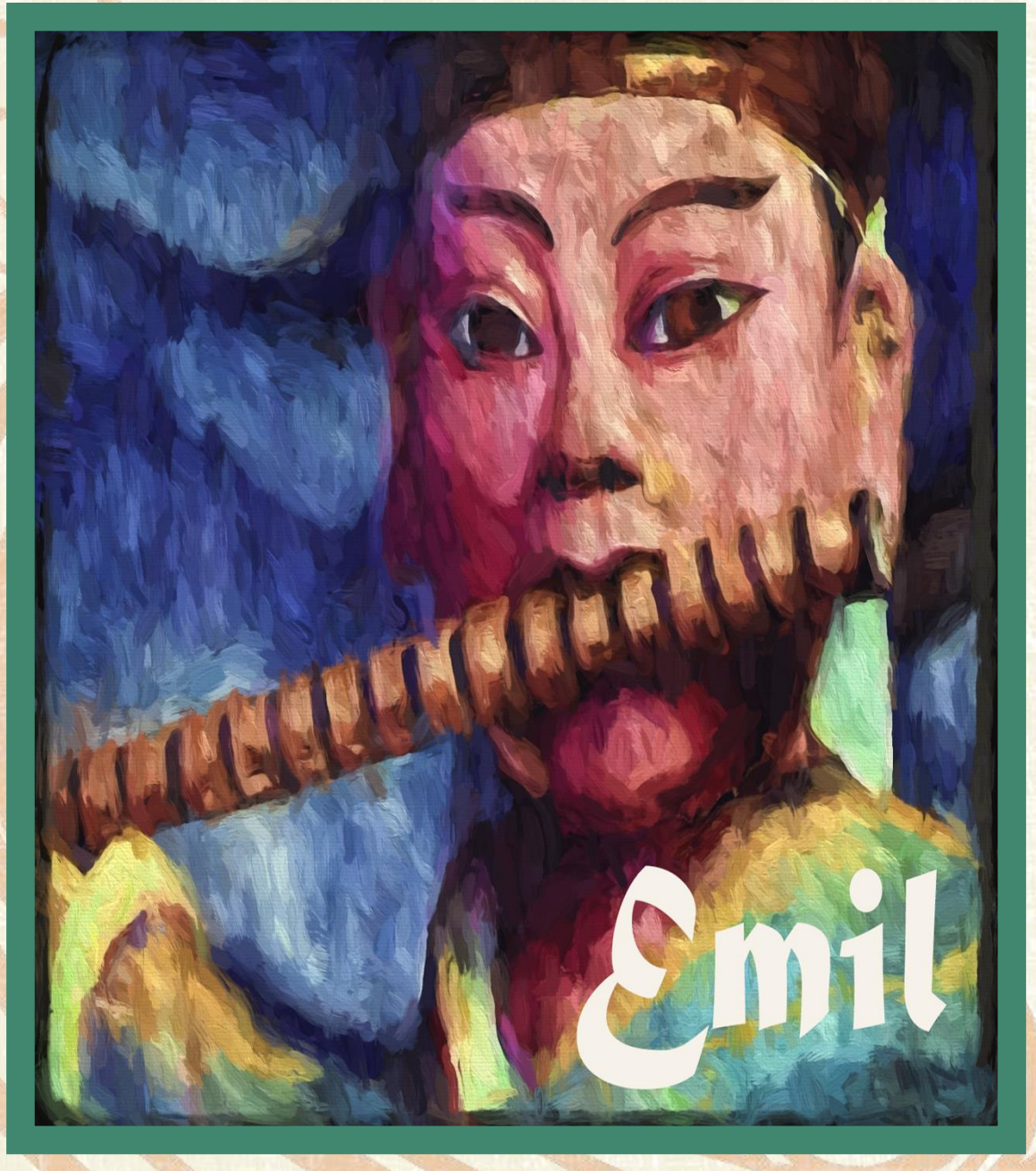
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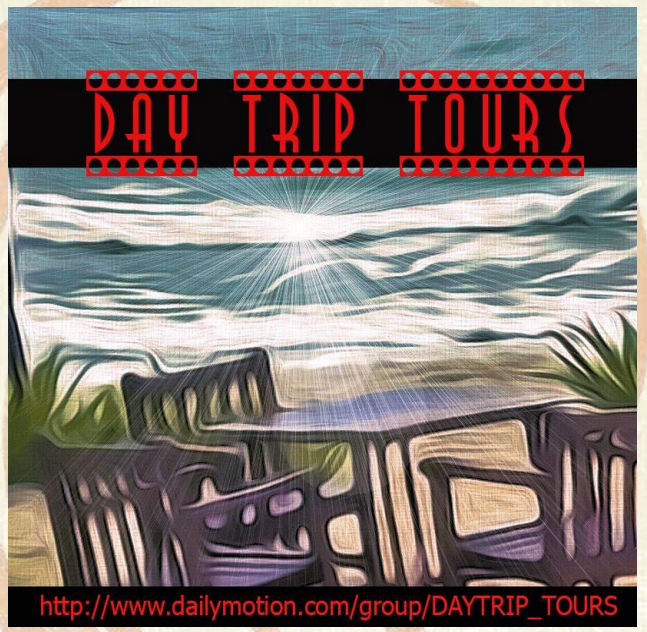
http://www.youtube.com/user/fredgwest1999

OVER 7 MILLION VIEWS....



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